CORRESPONDENCE.

Mulberry, Ind.

The cause has been slowly moving to the front in this vicinity. Since my last contribution, we have been having some glorious meetings. We organized a Sunday school at the Mt. Pleasant church about the first of Oct. Bro. W. W. Richard, is our superintendent; Milton Revis, secretary; Bro. John Weimer, Treasurer; and sister Ida Michael, chorister. The school is in a prosperous condition and has had an average attendance of about 70 scholars so far.

Some three weeks ago Bro. J. M. Rittgers came to this place and began a revival. To say that Bro. J. M. is a success as a revivalist, is but positively expressing it. He enters the work with a zeal that has but few equals in our denomination and with a heart that is proportional to his physique, he works among the people in such a way as to be a decided success as an evangelist. Churches desiring to hold a revival would undoubtedly do well to secure his services. The immediate result of the meeting was twelve accessions to the church, two by relation and ten by baptism, besides the members have been strengthened in the faith and inspired with a greater zeal to serve the Master.

On the evening of the twentieth we held our communion service, it was a pleasant affair. Considering the vast crowd, the order was excellent. The services were impressive and it was truly a feast of love and a communion with God.

Bro. Rittgers left for his next field of labor, Almena, Mich., on the 21st of this month. The short time that Bro. J. M. and I have been together have been sufficient for us to develop a kind of David and Jonathan friendship which I trust will ever last.

Seldom have I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of one of my brother ministers who held the same views of the Christian religion with myself; but Bro. J. M., I found such a one and truly it was a pleasant time that Bro. J. M. and I had together. I hope and pray that he will meet with unbounded success in his new field of labor. With these few lines I close trusting that God's choicest blessings will rest upon our little band in this vicinity and the brotherhood in general.

Yours for the right.

E. L. HILDEBRAND.

Following the Word.

When I read No. 42, I felt like talking to the brethren through the paper, as that is the only way we, as members, can talk, and admonish, and also encourage one another. It was that sermon by Bro. S. Finney that made a deep impression upon my mind, as we as a church claim to have the right foundation in God's word, which I sincerely believe that we have; but now the question is, do we show our faith by our works in all things? I claim we must understand the Word as it is, not add anything to it, neither take anything from it. The Word is like the Savior's coat without a seam, it cannot be separated. I often think that there is too much fashionable preaching done in this day, and too much eye service among the members, which are entirely against the Word, where it says, How can ye honor God when ye seek the honor one from the other.

There are two kingdoms according to the word. So I say to our ministering brethren preach, like Paul and Peter did; tell the people that they must be born again before they can follow Christ, tell the sinner it takes more than baptism to make a Christian Have them dead to sin and then they are willing to forsake the sinful fashion. I have children out of the ark of safety, and my prayer to God is in my weakness that they should be truly converted before they join a church, so as to be willing to forsake sin in everything and not look to sinful men. For what can human flesh do for us in the day of judgment? We must all give an account for ourselves.

In conclusion I will say, let us show to the world that we are sincere in our profession; that we are trying to follow a meek and lonely Savior.

C. KLINE.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

The Honest Old German.

Some years ago a certain Mr. S., being desirous of obtaining a loan, applied to a friend of his, an old and prudent German, to endorse his note assuring him it would be promptly paid at maturity, and that he should be caused no uneasiness on account of it. The German accepted his statement without distrust, and signed his name. The note soon passed into other hands, but when it became due the original maker was either too poor or too dishonest to pay it. Great was the consequent surprise of the German at discovering that the endorsement of the note was something beyond the *empty form* he had supposed, and that Mr. B., the innocent holder into whose hands the note had passed, expected *him* to pay a sum which he had never intended to pay, and for which he had received no equivalent.

Reluctant to part with his hard earned capital, and indignant at the deceit practiced upon him, he at once sought counsel of an eminent lawyer, in whose hands he placed his cause, determined to resist the collection of the note to the utmost. Judge Blank promised to investigate the case, and bade his client call again in a few days.

Returning at the appointed time he was met with the assurance, in the most cheerful tone:

"My good sir, this note is worthless. You cannot be compelled to pay it." And the lawyer went on to show that for lack of some technicality demanded by the law of the state, the promise was not worth the paper it was written on. The German's face lighted up.

"What is that you say? I shall not have to pay the note?"—"No."—"And S., he will not pay it?"—"No."—"And M. B., he won't get his money?"—"No, the note is legally void."

For a moment a look of triumph could be read on the German's wrinkled features. But it was instantly succeeded by a more sober expression.

"You say Mr. B. won't get his money?"—"No," repeated his counsel. "Then I will pay the note. *I must die some time.*"

"I must die sometime." Would to God it were written over every desk in the counting room, over every page of the ledger, and the face of every draft, and across every bill: "I must die some time!"

What a new world it would make, if in all our buying and selling, in all our borrowing and lending, in all the relations of this most complicated thing that we call trade, in which all of us are in some way involved, our hearts might hourly admonish us: "I must die some time."—J. H. WORCESTER, JR.

Is It a Sin!

In reply to several correspondents who specify particular acts, practices and views, asking if they are right or wrong, sinful or not, we answer:

1. That we have no knowledge, nor means of obtaining knowledge, on the subject, not equally accessible to the inquirers. The Word of God is the only rule of faith and practice. It is open to all, and we are quite sure that humble and prayerful study of that rule will guide the seeker into the path of duty.

2. It is very unsafe for ecclesiastical bodies to declare this, that or the other thing to be a *sin*, when it is not so defined in the Word of God. One's own conscience is not always an infallible guide, and before coming to a decision on any doubtful question, one needs to look at it with all the light he can get from the source of all wisdom.

3. A good man ought to be much more anxious to be right than to make others think as he does. Much trouble comes from trying to regulate other people's habits and views. To his own Master each one stands or falls. It is our duty to keep a conscience void of offence. If our neighbor does not see his duty to be the same as ours, let us be very charitable, remembering that he, too, thinks of us as we do of him, and neither of us is infallible. "In all things charity."—N. Y. OBSERVER.

Seek the Spirit's Guidance.

Jesus teaches that it is the work of the Holy Spirit to lead men into all truth. Men are more willing to discuss with each other about truth than they are to ask for the guidance of the Spirit. Ten people discuss theatre going to one who prays about it. There is no trouble about guidance if only we want to be guided. The trouble lies here—that we want to lead, not to be guided. Thus we fall into the ditch and possibly lead some one else there also. No one need miss the right road for lack of light. But many miss it because they shut their eyes and go ahead. We pity men physically blind, and then put out our own spiritual eyes, and refuse the healing touch of the divine Spirit. Let it be understood that God has made abundant provision for our guidance in the smallest matters.

Our whole spiritual life and our eternal welfare are utterly dependent on the work of the Holy Spirit. We see then how solemn a thing it is to 'grieve' the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are 'sealed,' and how suicidal a thing it is to 'quench' the Spirit. The world of the lost is filled with spiritual suicides. Were a suicidal mania to affect any town the world would be filled with horror, yet this is exactly what the angels see is happening everywhere. To stop this and to restore life is the work of the Holy Spirit.—A. F. SCHAUFLER.

A Shock Fully Ripe.

The wise man says that God hath made everything beautiful in his time. (Eccl. 3: 11.) He also says that there is a time to die. (Eccl. 3: 2.) But are we able to realize that death is beautiful? It must indeed be so, if the inspired writer speaks the truth. Nor need we go far to furnish proof. Look upon the adjoining hills and valleys below, clothed in the gay and gorgeous beauty of gold and scarlet; and all the results of the fading, dying leaf. Its likeness to human death, for "we all do fade as a leaf," lights up the valley and hill with beauty and hope. True, the leaf fades and falls; but why? In the early springtime the opening bud glistens in the sunshine like a gem of beauty; under the genial influence of summer's increasing warmth and frequent showers, the bud expands until there is seen a full-grown leaf, and now with the advancing season, it matures, ripens, fades and falls; falls because it has mutured and ripened, and filled its mission. There is nothing for it but to fade and fall; yet it is beautiful, nevertheless. So the human soul appears in the opening bud of childhood, expands and grows, mutures and ripens, fades and falls. And as the leaf, when the soul's mission has been fulfilled there is nothing for it but to go away, and its departure is beautiful. When the fields become white unto the harvest, the reaper enters and the harvest is cut down; no one would have it otherwise; it is beautiful to look upon.

The farmer is glad to see, "first the blade, then then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear, but when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest has come." (Mark 4: 28, 29.) He is too wise to let the corn remain after it has ripened, to decay and to waste; but immediately puts in the sickle. God, too, is wise, and puts in the sickle of death to gather the soul to himself, immediately that its mission is filled. And one of the most comforting promises God made to his servant Job is, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."—MEMORIAL OF REV. WM. P. EASTMAN, BY REV. H. W. GUTHREE.

The Perfect Opal.

An opal of many tints is lying on my table. It filled me with pleasure when first I found it, and it has been a daily delight ever since. Hold it in whatever position I may, it always presents a fresh aspect of beauty. Looking down into its ruby and and emerald fires, I discover depths and avenues of light unseen before. Christ is my perfect opal. His beauty enraptured my soul when first I found Him, and He has been a continuous and increasing revelation of grace and glory until now. Viewing Him in the varied aspects of His titles, words and works, whether through tears of sorrow or of gladness, I always see deeper into the fathomless fire of eternal love and loveliness. What will my vision be when my eye is clear and my soul is pure?—REV. W. J. MATHAMS.